# Ghostlike, Ghost Like

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# Ghostlike, Ghost Like

by Blaiddsumu

Summary

When Ingo arrived in Hisui, he wasn't alone.

Notes

yesterday was talkin with @ghostypetrainer, who mentioned a sort of AU where, when Ingo gets eeby deebied to hisui, chandelure ends up coming with. I was immediately enthralled by the idea

saw the prompt dazed and confused and took the opportunity in front of me to write this ^w^

# Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Flashes of cold, biting winds. It was the first and only thing he could remember. Deep snow, eerie howls. A light in the distance.

Numb fingers, numb toes, and a bone-deep chill that seemed to persist even as he found himself in an unfamiliar station, bundled in blankets near a small hearth, which contained a warm fire.

The structure he had awoken to was small, with canvas walls between wood slatting. He'd almost consider it cozy, if it weren't for the chill.

Trying to think felt like… like… there must have been a phrase there, but he could not recall it. But it was difficult, and slow. A busy static in the periphery of his senses, a strange fog muddying his thoughts.

He shuffled a little closer to the fire, only to suddenly sit up in surprise as he realized another person was there.

"Oh, you're awake. That's good. People were worried you wouldn't make it," they said, leaning forward so that he could see their face in the low light of the fire, "It wouldn't be good to rescue a stranger from the elements, only for him to perish within our homes just because the space was too vast."

The phrasing was odd to him, but then again, he had nothing to compare it to. So he remained silent. What would he even say? He didn't know anything.

This didn't seem to phase the other person, as they tossed another log into the fire before busying themself with something on a shelf out of his view.

"Say, stranger, now that you're awake, do you feel well enough to speak? You were pretty… *not there* enough when we found you," they mused.

*Could* he speak? He frowned for a moment, trying to remember how that even worked, before clearing his throat slightly.

"Y- yes. I can speak. Thank you for saving me." From what, he had no

clue, but what they've said lined up with the only memories he had. And he would be a terrible guest if he didn't thank his rescuers.

Rescuers. They had said "we". Which implied there were other people, right? The idea surprised him slightly, though immediately afterwards it seemed like something obvious. Why *wouldn't* there be other people? This small tent wasn't the only thing in the world. Even if he could not remember, he was certain of this.

"That's good," the other person replied. They turned around, taking a small pot of some kind and hooking it above the water, before gently placing a small bundle of herbs nearby.

"So, stranger, what were you even doing all the way out in the Icelands all alone at night? With clothes like that, to boot." They gestured vaguely towards his entirety, and he looked down at his body.

He was wearing a dark coat, a white [dress shirt] and blue [tie]. (For some reason, his head felt bare.)

Unfortunately, he knew as much about the other person's question as they themself did.

"I am afraid I am not quite certain," he admitted. Glancing around the room rewarded him with the sight of a black hat next to him, which he swiftly put on. It felt nice. Correct.

They didn't seem too surprised at his admission, fortunately, only shrugging slightly.

"Ah, well, worth a shot. You were pretty dazed when we found you." they said, before tilting their head as something occurred to them, "Say, stranger, what's your name?"

His name? He furrowed his brow. Yes, his name. That's… something everyone has. It never even occurred to him at all, before they asked. But his mind remained frustratingly blank. The persistent chill in his bones didn't help, as distracting as it was.

"I… I am afraid I… I am quite uncertain," he said slowly, shaking his head, "I could not tell you my name."

The person froze, before giving him a strange look.

"Okay. That's. okay. Do you know where you came from?"

Frankly, he wasn't sure if he even existed before they apparently found him. He shook his head again and told them as such.

"That's… not good," they said after a moment, "I'll be right back, okay?"

And with that, they left through a door set within the wooden frame of the tent. The chilly air from outside washed over him, causing him to shiver.

The abrupt departure seemed a little odd to him. But so did everything else, so maybe that was just how it worked here. Wherever *here* was.

He stared at the fire for a few moments, but found himself growing restless. It felt wrong to inspect what was clearly someone's private domicile, so he turned to the clothes on his body to try and learn something about himself.

His dark coat, long with silver and brown accents. A blue armband on one arm, something that made him distantly feel proud and straighten his posture. It *meant* something, though he wasn't sure what exactly that was.

His hat, too, held that distant warmth and meaning to it, particularly the metal badge affixed to the front. He ran his thumb over it for a moment, trying to parse the emotions behind it and digging into his mind to find the meaning, but stopped suddenly as a spike of pain went through his head.

Ouch. No more of that. He placed the hat back on his head. He'd think about it later.

He scooted himself further up, blankets pooling at his waist, and pulled aside his coat. Had he been wearing… two belts? One belt was affixed to his pants, but there seemed to have been another atop that. Only burnt and torn scraps left loosely attached to a clip. How odd.

The pockets of his coat only contained some loose metal coins, lint, and a brightly colored treat contained within a crinkly and transparent material. He was tempted to unwrap and eat it, but elected to save it for later. Looked like he only had the one, after all. (Why was he so sure it was something he could eat?)

He had the urge to pat the front and sides of his coat, and was pleasantly surprised when he felt a small lump within a hidden pocket. Without hesitation, he removed it to inspect.

It was a small ball, split red and white. Small enough to hold between two fingers, but when he absentmindedly tapped a button it suddenly grew almost fist-sized. His eyebrows rose slightly, but he didn't feel particularly surprised.

Something about this ball was incredibly familiar to him. The worn paint and nicks and scratches spoke of a long history.

Without further fanfare or hesitation, he clicked a button and the ball sprung open. He dropped it at his side, surprised by the sudden light, but was more preoccupied with the creature that had emerged.

Metal and glass and an ethereal flame, the pokemon hovered in the air in front of him. It floated almost as if it were merely hung on a hook, but was unmistakably suspended only by its own power.

The sight of it filled him with adoration and warmth, but the familiarity clawed at his mind, a stabbing pain. He tried his hardest to ignore it. This pokemon felt far too important.

It looked confused, stressed, as it glanced around the area with glowing yellow eyes -- but when its gaze settled on him, it metaphorically and literally lit up as it let out a trill of what he could only interpret as delight.

Without needing to think about his actions, he lifted his trembling arms into the air, beckoning the creature closer. It gladly obliged, slowly approaching until it gently bumped against his forehead.

He placed his hands on either side of its globe, almost as if he were cradling it.

"I know you," he muttered. The pokemon let out an inquisitive noise, and he shook his head.

"I am afraid to admit that, were they even there in the first place, my memories have severely derailed from the tracks of my mind, dear friend."

The pokemon made an alarmed crackle, pulling back so it could look him in the eyes. It seemed distressed.

He stroked its glass, trying to reassure it.

"Rest assured, it seems my heart still remembers you. There is an undeniable familiarity and warmth I feel for you."

Much to his dismay, this only seemed to distress the pokemon even further. He patted it again.

"Oh, candle, what is causing you so much distress?" he asked. He didn't even realize the nickname until the pokemon suddenly froze.

There was a pause, the only movement between them the flicker of its low flames, before it sank to nuzzle up close to his chest.

He wrapped his arms around it, and some of the raw edges of his broken mind began to smooth. The oppressive fog in his mind began to shrink away in the light of the pokemon's flames.

That bone-deep chill he had felt before began to melt away as well, at the touch of this pokemon. Its flames weren't particularly hot, barely above what he'd consider cool, even, and yet they worked far better at making him feel truly warm than the actual crackling fire within the hearth next to him.

Chapter End Notes

> The belt Ingo would normally have his team on got destroyed, so they didn't come with him. But he'd noticed something was wrong, and in a split second decision stuffed chandelure's pokeball in his coat pocket
>
> also. not putting it in the whumptober collection because vague plans for another chapter. which i MIGHT do for whumptober but if i don't i still wanna write it anyway.

# Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> I CAN'T BELIEVE I FORGOT TO FINISH THIS. WAILS.
> i had about half of this written a while ago i just completely forgot. so i just typed out the rest real quick and hit post. this isn't edited at all lol. if you see mistakes no you don't

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He hummed in contentment, basking in the familiar warmth of the pokemon -- his *partner*. Its edges may have been hard, as a creature of metal and glass, but its affection was kind and gentle.

Its flames flickered and brushed against his skin, but did not burn.

It chimed in response, snuggling even closer into his chest. He tried -- badly -- to imitate its chime, and it froze for a moment before it suddenly began to shake, letting out a crinkly noise of laughter.

In the middle of another attempt at imitating his friend, he paused.

A crunch of footsteps approaching from outside; multiple pairs? That other person must have gone to get even *more* people. More people! What a delightful concept. It was intimidating, yet exciting.

The pokemon he was holding let out a quiet, inquisitive noise, and he gently patted it on its glass as he turned to face the entrance.

He straightened his posture from the hug he'd given the pokemon -- still holding it, but preparing for the coming interaction -- and tugged the blankets over his waist a little more with a free hand.

A burst of cold air accompanied the opening of the door, and the person he'd woken up with held it open for another individual. A young woman, barely into her adulthood if he had to guess.

The both of them figuratively froze the moment they looked his direction, eyes wide. He twisted to look behind him, but there was nothing there.

He glanced back at the newcomers, to realize their eyes were fixed on the pokemon in his arms. Were they surprised by his friend? He supposed that could be reasonable, since it wasn't out when the first

person had left, but something about their alarm was odd to him.

After a moment, one that felt far longer than it actually was, the young woman took a step forward. She glanced to the side, addressing the person next to her.

"I know you said he had glowing eyes, but... where did that pokemon come from?" the young woman asked. They shrugged helplessly, only glancing at her for a moment before their gaze fixed back onto the pokemon.

He shifted slightly, uncomfortable with the attention, despite it not actually being on him himself.

"I swear it wasn't here when I left," they said.

Their wariness was getting old, he decided. They had no reason to be afraid of his friend.

"Pardon the interruption…" he began. Both of the others' gazes burned into him, "But I believe there is no cause for caution of this pokemon."

The young woman narrowed her eyes at him.

"How can you be so sure? With all due respect, mister, how much do you even remember?" she asked. He frowned.

"Ah… I admit, my mind recalls nothing. But my heart remembers, and I believe this pokemon is very, very dear to me. I trust it," he explained. It chimed quietly, though whether it was an acknowledgement of his statement or something else he could not tell.

The young woman stared at him and his pokemon a little longer-- he could almost perfectly imagine her mind and thoughts clicking away, twisting and turning and interlocking in a complicated mechanism.

Seemingly coming to a conclusion, she straightened up into a more authoritative pose.

"How can we be sure you're not lying?"

Lying? Why would he lie? He made an utterly baffled noise, and held the pokemon closer. Almost defensively.

"I assure you, the thought never even occurred to me!"

There was a moment of silence as the young woman stared at him,

before she suddenly let out a quiet giggle. Something about his own bafflement must have amused her, as she only laughed more.

He let out another quiet, confused noise, glancing at his fiery friend who could only quietly chime in response.

The young woman waved her hand, stifling her laughter.

"I'm sorry, sir, that was really rude. It's just, you looked so, so baffled! And your pokemon, it… well, I guess it's clear this one cares about you. Perhaps you knew each other, before you came here?" she offered.

The other individual -- whom the man had unfortunately almost forgotten about as they awkwardly tried to fade into the background -- hissed out something too quiet for him to hear. The young woman sighed, then raised an eyebrow as she addressed them.

"And many others have befriended pokemon people are afraid of. Warden Gaeric's Froslass, for example. I think… I think this pokemon has a strong bond with our guest. And it would be an affront to the Almighty Sinnoh to separate their spaces, when they share such a bond."

An affront to who? What? The man's confusion went unvocalized, as he quickly settled into the realization that he might very well be existing in such a state for quite some time.

The other person shook their head, then glanced back at the man's gently glowing companion.

"Where did it even come from?" they mused. The man saw this as an opportunity to speak up.

"Presumably, from the same station that I did," he offered.

"That's not--" their face scrunched up, and then relaxed into a vaguely defeated expression, "-- what I meant. Nevermind."

okay????

"However." the young woman suddenly said, tone hardening, "You are still a stranger to us, especially as you seem to lack any memory of your own. I will allow you to stay in the Pearl Clan's home for the space of a few days, but people will distrust you."

The man's heart sank, even as her words made sense. His friend nuzzled against his chest, warming its flames slightly to offer comfort in its own way.

"You are an outsider to us, but despite all of that I would not turn away someone in need. We do not know the capabilities of that pokemon of yours, so I am trusting you to not cause us harm. Don't make me regret this decision," she said, with a note of finality.

He couldn't understand how she saw danger with his friend, but… he supposed he could understand her caution. She cared about the people here, didn't she? Perhaps they have had bad experiences with those they've deemed as outsiders.

He nodded, eyes wide.

The atmosphere lightened significantly as the young woman relaxed, letting out a quiet huff of breath.

"Thank you," she said, "For now, I will give you your space, in the hopes that you may remember something about yourself. But I must leave, as I have other matters to attend to."

And with that, she left. The other person stayed long enough to pour him a cup of tea that had been nearly forgotten, but took their leave soon enough as well.

It was just the man, and his pokemon. His precious little candle, whose cool flames warmed his heart. It remained nuzzled against his chest, even as he attempted to drink the tea that was left for him. (He worried that he might accidentally spill it on the fiery creature, but it seemed unconcerned.)

That lady, she wanted him to remember something about himself. But his mind was blank, only the familiarity in his heart telling him he had *something* before he found himself here. (But the pokemon's flames, something about them itched at the farthest corners of his mind. He could only hope that in time, he may recall something. Perhaps his, or his pokemon's, name.)

When he finished the tea, he realized that his friend was beginning to grow tired. It would need to rest, soon. Within that ball it emerged from, his instincts told him.

He patted around for the pokeball, getting slightly concerned when it was not immediately visible, but sighed in relief as he felt a lump

underneath the blanket next to his hip. He must have pulled the blanket overtop of it without noticing.

Over the course of those few days the young woman -- Irida, he learned later, the leader of the settlement -- had given him to stay, it became clear that she had not exaggerated her words. The villagers regarded him with caution at best, and outright distrust or even hostility at worst.

He suspected that the ethereal figure that he arrived with had a large part to do with that distrust. (It seemed that they feared the unknown, but after hearing, one night, the stories of vengeful spirits haunting the wastes with their illusions, he couldn't find himself to resent anyone for it.)

His friend spent most of its time outside of its pokeball, seemingly convinced he needed someone with him at all times. But that, in turn, meant the villagers were constantly reminded of its presence. No one even knew what kind of pokemon it was, nor its typing.

And yet, those few days turned into a week, and then another, and then a month. The man stayed at the settlement, doing odd jobs around the village and contributing to obtaining food. Over time the attitude towards him and his friend thawed, until lady Irida offered to let him stay with the Pearl clan on a more permanent basis.

(He would never be able to fully express his gratitude, but Irida joked that he was well on his way towards doing so.)

And then, one day, seemingly without any warning or buildup, he remembered something.

He had been praising his friend for something it had done, a job well done, when its name slipped from his mouth as if he'd never forgotten. He hadn't even realized he said it, until his friend -- Zephyr! -- began to excitedly chime and twirl, sending a shower of sparks into the air with its delight.

It didn't take long after that to recall his own name as well -- Ingo, he was Ingo. Something  remarkably different and unusual to the names of everyone else around him, but at that point it was clear he was a

different and unusual man.

The fact that these memories came to him was a relief to Ingo. If he could recover those, there was hope that he could recover even more. At times, his dear Zephyr would try to help him. He would stare into its hypnotic flames, tugging and pulling at something within his mind, but it did little to help. He refused to be discouraged at the lack of progress. It hadn't been that long, after all, since he arrived. There was yet hope he could recover more. Zephyr encouraged this attitude, growing excited whenever he remarked on anything that came to mind.

It was clear that his dear friend, his partner, still remembered their time from before Ingo lost his memories. He was glad that it did, in a way, even if he could see how his lack of memory would wear on the pokemon at times. It missed their home, and Ingo could not fault it for that. But those episodes of homesickness would not last, even as it would cling to him even more than usual for a time afterwards.

He was incredibly glad that he had such a dear and loyal friend with him. To comfort him and aid him with his amnesia, to be a familiar light within the cold tundra. He wasn't sure what he would have done if it was not there with him, but he knew he would likely have felt much more miserable for it.

Yes, he was quite glad.

Chapter End Notes

> zephyr is a fitting name for a chandelure but also train reference. anyway at some point he becomes sneasler's warden and at ANOTHER point he ends up going to jubilife 'cause he hears theres a pokemon professor there. so maybe that professor could help him identify what kind of pokemon his partner is (laventon Definitely can identify it. and is like. what kind of madman are you for befriending a soul-eating pokemon. wtf. people in hisui are Built Different. (jokes on him thats just Ingo Himself sldkjfslkjdflskdj))

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